

YOUR EASTER SUIT!

EASTER IS
BUT
ONE WEEK
OFF.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT IT?

WE ARE SHOWING THE LARGEST NUMBER
of STYLES and BEST VALUES.

IT'S OUR
PLEASURE TO SHOW
YOUR PLEASURE TO
LOOK.



About Easter Suits.

That something called style is a bugbear to most men. Their mind is occupied with details of their own work and they are not supposed to be fully posted with what to wear and what not to wear. It's not their business. With us, however, it's different. It's a part of our business to impart that knowledge to you when you come to buy. When you come in

DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK OUR ADVICE

regarding correct styles in garments—that's what we're here for.

WE KNOW HOW TO DRESS YOU PROPERLY
and you may depend upon our judgment.

SPRING STYLES NOW READY.

Stock Larger, Grander, Better Than Ever.



YOUR
BOYS
EASTER
SUIT
WILL
BE
RIGHT
IF
BOUGHT
FROM
US.



THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

For Boys Age 3 to 7. Very Swell.

THE NORFOLK SUIT.

BOX
PLEATED
COAT
WITH
BELT.

For Boys Age 3 to 16. Nobby.

THE SAILOR BLOUSE

AND
VESTEE
SUITS.

For Boys Age 3 to 8. Elegant.



BRIGHT SNAPPY NECKWEAR.

FRESH SPRING STYLES JUST IN
And especially selected for Easter. No matter what your fancy craves in Ties, it's here if it's right

Famous
B. WEILLE & SON.
409. 411 BROADWAY.

A PAIR OF OUR
\$3.50 PATENT LEATHER SHOES
Will add greatly to your appearance EASTER. New nobby styles. Better grades in
STACY ADAMS
AT \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Famous
B. WEILLE & SON.
409. 411 BROADWAY.

PASSING COMMENTS.

Is there any one that is not glad this is the last day of March? It is possible to act so that every one is relieved to be rid of you, and March has done this. She has brought it all on herself, so heartless as it sounds we are overjoyed to see her go. It is to be hoped she will not come back and "April Fool" us tomorrow. She has been cranky, cantankerous, blustery, and a virago generally. Envious, too, for just as soon as the merchant and milliner would display some "love of a dress or hat" in the window for April's adorning, it would start my Lady March afresh on one of her tantrums, and we would all have to pay for it by "biting the dust," or shivering and shaking.

If this has been a prophecy of the Twentieth century March, it is moved, amended and unanimously carried that Mrs. Nation be ordered to turn her entire attention to ridding us of this "national evil." What a meet-

ing there will be, though, when they come together!

What a boon the millinery openings have been to society this week! We have had them galore, but they have been a source of undoubted interest, and the dainty "confections" of high art have been much surveyed. Not only to the buyer but to the onlooker as well, has it proved a pleasing pastime. Dear Miss Frivol and her sister Miss Staid were both in evidence, and the dainty trifle, the mere "airy nothing"—except in price—and the "ready-to-wear-hat," alike found their purchasers. O! everybody was out in full force, and you could chat awhile with each of your dear five hundred friends before passing on.

The art of getting safely off a street car in rapid motion, so we have been told, is to go in the same direction as the moving car. But recently a Paducah young man was seen to get off the Broadway car while going rapidly, and run straight out North Seventh street at right angles. As he is well used to the ways and the tricks of street cars, it may be he has discovered a new theory. Or, it may be that the force of habit is stronger than the force of momentum! It should be

said in passing that he does not reside on North Seventh street, either.

Apropos of the many clubs with mystic initials that are being formed now, a clever thing is told of a young man who "makes" Paducah quite frequently. He had been hearing of the different X. Y. Z. clubs with membership strictly limited, until he was feeling left out. At last he said: "I am going to form a club and call it the J. M. club."

"J. M." inquired an interested listener, "what's that for?"

"Just Me," was the laconic reply as he walked off.

The aforesaid young man is entirely too popular, though, to be allowed such a privilege here.

Two small boys and a girl, none of them over "half-past three"—were talking the other day. With the spirit of boasting that is inherent in the man, however, embryo he may be, one youthful Mulhattan announced:

"My father is worth a million dollars!"

This was tremendous, but small boy No. 2 decided to go him "one better."

"My father has a million dollars and a house!" he said with a look of

"why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" on his face.

Alas, for the maiden! She must do something to maintain her standing in society and impress herself on those future beaux. With a wisdom worthy of more years, she adhered strictly to facts and sagely said:

"I have a nickel and it's all my own."

That was enough, the "million dollars" was a "deal in futures" too vague for the small men, but a nickel meant delightful possibilities in cracker-jack candy, or peanuts that they could quite grasp and appreciate, so they immediately became overpowering in their attentions to the heiress of so much wealth, and she was mistress of the occasion.

A certain club in the city which has been active in charity work this winter has had some rare experiences in their efforts to "elevate the masses." Holding cleanliness to be next to godliness they have insisted on giving soap and tooth brushes, and have ordered the luxury of baths, to their applicants for help, while cigarette smoking and tobacco chewing have ruined the chances of many a gamine for a suit of clothes. These young women have thrown themselves into

the work with the same vivid ardor that has made them central figures in the social whirl. Their efforts have furnished their friends with an undoubted interest in life, but whether the poor have felt the same zest in being thus "elevated" is a mooted question.

In an interview with The Sunday Chat reporter the other day, Manager English, of The Kentucky, at the solicitation for news of his theater for our readers, said that he has booked some of the very best attractions on the road for the first season and that every day adds to his stock of enthusiasm over the prospects for a brilliant season. His opening attraction will be one that will open the eyes of the Paducah people to the fact that they have at last a theater that will at once be a pride and a pleasure to them; one that they can boast of to any one. Manager English would not give The Chat permission to tell what the attraction is, but we can assure our readers that it will be all that the city can expect and will verify the prediction made as soon as the owners made the choice of manager that "the theater would have a management that would give the city the

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